

It was an August afternoon. The scorching rays of a Southern sun fell upon an old, yet stately mansion in Louisiana. It stood some distance from the sea coast, in a wilderness of tropical shrubbery and in utter isolation from the world. The ground upon which the house was situated was inclosed by a stone fence, overgrown here and there by clusters of ivy, whose green leaves formed a pleasing contrast to the slate-colored stones. Within the inclosure, beneath the cooling shade which numerous trees afforded, a man of about thirty and a young and singularly lovely girl paced to and fro.

"Hubert, this shrub is called the 'Diluvial Shrub,' and is one of the most valuable properties. The leaf I hold in my hand, if bruised and dissolved in water and drank, will cause a trance—a death-like stupor—for hours. An old negroes man, Mr. Flournoy told me, of old I myself have, to a slight extent, experienced its marvellous power. Is it not interesting?"

"Irene, Adarc listened in speechless astonishment. Taking the leaf from her, he examined it curiously, still silent."

"Irene," said he, convulsed in a whisper "do you believe—the truth of what you say?"

"Quite."

"Then it is destined to help us out of a dilemma?"

"She glared at him wonderingly.

"I alluded to my approaching marriage."

"Oh, please don't let us discuss that subject," said she, growing pale.

"Why?"

"Because it's fixed. Because Flora will have become your wife ere this time and I should be guilty of treason to her to speak of it as you would."

"Irene," said he, so passionately that she shrank back in positive terror—"I don't remain for you to say whether or not that marriage shall ever take place."

Irene Rivers grew still paler; she trembled violently, and grasped the nearest object.

"Why should I?" she gasped.

"Because I love you."

He slipped his arm around her waist as he spoke, and drew her to him. He would have kissed her, but her head sank upon his shoulders and she burst into a storm of bitter tears. But, listening to his comforting words, she soon grew calm. She said, "Hubert, do you speak thus?"

"You know as well as I that it is worse than folly to do so. You know that your wife I can never be—that the grim platoon, that the grim platoon, will sweep us off earth. No, no! You are pledged to Flora and you must fulfil your promise by making her your wife. The heavens derived from this strange—"

"I intend to realize your grandest dreams, achieve a reputation honored among men. I have marked out my destiny. I intend to enter St. Catherine's Convent at New Orleans, of course. My parents I hope to find that happiness earth can never give."

"Irene, you shall be my wife. Listen!"

"And I shall be your wife. I unfolded a plan which, as its full import dawned upon her perceptions, alternately alarmed and surprised the gentle being he loved."

"Will you perform the part assigned you?" he added, when all was explained.

"Yes, yes! But, oh, Hubert, I tremble for the safety of the danger!"

"I have thought of the danger!"

"I have thought of the danger. I have weighed everything in the balance of my mind, and decided. The world's you to me—the revelation you made—was to me the revelation of the danger. I can prevent me from carrying the plan into effect. How pale you are, Irene!

and how you tremble! Think of the nature of the thing, and be brave!"

Very few words were said to explain the relation our different characters sustain to each other. Hubert Adare, a poor creature, was the nephew of Florin Florin, his aunt's daughter, and a constant visitor to her. He had been betrothed to him when a child. His uncles had died years before, leaving him a small fortune in the most comfortable conditions. One was that Hubert must marry on or near his twenty-first birthday, at which time he was to come into possession of the fortune; the second was that, in case he died ere the first was consummated, the money was to *devolve* on him. *That Florin* was a distant relative, an orphan whose home had been under Mrs. Flournoy's roof as far as visited, and her memory extended, Adare visited her often. He had, as you can now, it was supposed, to make Florin his bride.

They valued lastly homewards, not a word being said, each being too much occupied with their thoughts. As they parted inside the wide hall, he said to her, "I will call on you to accomplish our purpose is now in my hands, prepared, therefore, to play your part bravely and well at any time."

She was left alone, and returned into the adjoining room. In it, near a large bay-window, with her head resting on her hand, sat Flora Flournoy, his betrothed. She was looking at him with a peculiar glance at him as he approached her.

"Hubert, where were you?"

"In the garden with Irene."

"And he been alone the whole of the afternoon."

"Ah, sorry, *ma chere*," he said, coolly. "But why didn't you join us?"

"I was waiting for you, and of course preferred to remain indoors with Lulu."

"Then you were not alone?"

"Might as well have been, but she answered me from down stairs."

"Lulu, as you know, is but a paid companion. Wealth buys everything."

"You love her," he said, smiling.

"Quickly and coldly," he answered, "That may be," she retorted with a violent start.

"I would have no reply, apparently desiring to drop the discussion. But his wish was not to be gratified. She watched him awhile in silence, then said: "Hubert, I could not resist this question: Do you truly and honestly love me—that is, love me for myself alone?"

Flora spoke in firm tones; but her form quivered, and her brown distended eyes seemed to search him with their steady stare.

"No, Flora," he said, low, yet distinctly, "I do not after you ever have I never will! I would make my wife solely to obtain possession of your fortune!"

Flora Flournoy sprang to her feet excitedly at this unexpected declaration. Her eyes glittered strangely and a terrible expression gathered on her face, but before she could utter a single syllable, he replied a dreadful peal of thunder shook the old house to its very foundation, a great lightning-bolt filled the room with dreadful splendor, and he uttered a deep groan, and tossing his hands wildly aloft, Hubert fell heavily backward at her feet, as if suddenly stricken dead.

A scene of wild confusion followed. While the majority of the house were in haste to the river, Mrs. Rivers was calm and collected. A messenger was dispatched to New Orleans for medical aid; and after the lapse of some hours he returned, and a distinguished medical physician, who, on a hasty examination, pronounced Hubert Adare dead. The lightning had done its work instantaneously.

The night following the day of Hubert Adare's internment, Irene Rivers sat alone in her chamber listening, with bated breath, to the ticking of the clock, a big old-fashioned clock in the hall below. Hour after hour passed by. Still she sat there, never moving, never changing her position, her eyes fixed on the length struck one; ere its last vibra-

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# Bloomingdales' Great Advance Sale of Dolls.

Fine jointed body, bisque head, showing teeth, with moving eyes.  
Length, 12, 13, 16½, 18, 21, 24, 25½.  
Prices, \$3.95, 60c., \$1.23, \$1.40, \$1.98, \$2.40, \$2.98.

Jointed body, bisque head, length, 20 inches, 40c.

Hair stuffed body, bisque head; moving eyes, kid arms and hands.  
Sizes, 12, 16, 18, 20.  
Prices, 26c., 56c., 69c., 80c.

Thousands upon Thousands of Dolls—at Special Prices. Also Toys, Games, Blocks, Banks, Books—more kinds and more of a kind than were ever gathered under one roof before.

**Special Terms to Dealers, Societies, Sunday-Schools, &c.**  
Goods selected now stored at our expense and delivered when desired.

## Bloomingdale Bros., Third Ave., Cor. 59th St.

### THE P. T. BARNUM LAUNCHED.

A Thousand Ton Three-Master Named After the Great Showman.

(Special to the EVENING WORLD.)  
BOSTON, Dec. 10.—Owing to the continued indisposition of P. T. Barnum, the veteran showman was unable to be present at the launching of the one thousand ton three-masted schooner named the P. T. Barnum, which took place at Boardwalk's ship-yard at 10 o'clock this morning.

About eight thousand people witnessed the spectacle.

### LOST GOING FROM THE BANK.

A Danbury Hat Manufacturer Goes Astry in This City.

Mrs. Gertrude Affew, of Danbury, Conn., reported at Police Headquarters this morning that her husband, Daniel, had been missing since Dec. 6. On that day he came to this city from Danbury and did some business at the People's home. He is a hat manufacturer. He had a gold watch and chain and \$250.

A woman's name was tattooed on one of his arms.

An Examination will convince that in buying furniture you will effect a large saving in money by calling on GEO. C. FLINT CO., 104 W. 14th st. They are urging sales to make room for constant arrivals from their factory.

MRS. WINIFRED'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children

### An Author's Matinee.

There will be a notable audience at the Star Theatre to-morrow afternoon. The occasion is an author's matinee and the presentation of three one-act pieces written by Mrs. Marquitta Hewitt. The pieces are a comedy, a farce and a dramatic sketch, and they will be interpreted by an uncommonly brilliant company that includes Miss Caroline Hill, Milton Lacsaye, William Herbert, George F. De Vere and Miss Minnie Palmer. The dramatic sketch will serve to introduce a debutante in the person of Jennie O'Neill Potter, a niece of James O'Neill, and a young girl for whom a very great success is predicted by those who are familiar with her work.

### Charged with Embezzlement.

William J. Howe, agent at Fairfield for the Prudential Insurance Company, was arrested there this morning charged with embezzling \$400 from the company. He was lodged in the County Jail to await trial.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. Fowler's Wonderful Peppermint CURE FOR Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Asthma, Etc.

LOVELY COMPLEXION HEALTH PROMOTER'S GELATIN. A skin complexion secured in 10 or 15 days, and all druggists.

## PENSIONS.

Neglected cases a specialty. Send for new law, blank, &c.

O. E. MILROY, U. S. Claim Agent,  
845 Broadway, New York.

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AMUSEMENTS.

**GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.**  
RESERVED SEATS, 50c. and 75c.  
**TO-NIGHT.**  
WEDNESDAY—MATINEE—SATURDAY.  
**ANNIE  
PIXLEY**  
in her latest successful play,  
"KATE."  
A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.  
Sparkling songs and Medleys.

**OLIVETTE** By the Ideal Opera Co.  
Time, 8.15. Seats, 50c. and 75c.  
SPECIALTY CO.—218, 445, 7.50, 10 P. M.  
Turkish Lady Ocotina. No. 20. Other new plays  
in Canto Italia. Huber's Palace 14th St. Broadway.

**DORIS'S BIG MUSEUM.**  
8th Ave. and 26th St.  
MILLEN CHRISTINA,  
and Two-Headed Lion.  
ALL THIS WEEK.

**14th St. Theatre.** Even' 7.30. Seats, 50c. and 75c.  
Reserved Seats, Orchestra Chorus and Balcony, 50c.  
10TH WEEK. "It will never wear out."

**BLUE JEANS.**  
By Joseph Arthur, Author of "The Blind Alarm."  
**HAMMERSTON'S HARLEM OF ALL-HOURS.**  
Evening and Mat. 7.30. Seats, 50c. and 75c.  
BOXT'S CHINATOWN.

**COLUMBIA THEATRE.**  
20th St. and 7th Ave.  
Evenings 8.15. Wed. and Sat. Mat.  
DUNCAN'S 14TH ST. SEVEN  
JOHN L. SULLIVAN. A WILLING WARRIOR.

**LYCUM THEATRE.**  
4th Ave. and 22d St.  
Regina 8.30.  
**The IDLER.**

**GARDEN THEATRE.** Madison Ave. and 7th St.  
EVENINGS AT 8. Mat. 7.30.  
Dr. R. BILL.  
Preceded every night by "BUNSBY."

**OTERO NIGHTS EDEN**  
Mat. Sat. Only. 7.30. SEATS  
ADMISSION, 60c. RESERVED SEATS, 9c.

**BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.**  
**LEE AVE. ACADEMY**  
OF MUSIC.  
8th Ave. and 10th St.  
This Week, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.  
Mrs. Leslie Carter In the successful Comedienne  
**THE UGLY DUCKLING.**  
Featured under the direction of Mr. David Hays  
Next Week—Hayes.  
**HYDE & BEHMAN'S.**  
This Week.  
Matinees Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.  
**TONY PASTOR**  
and his Grand Double Company.  
Box Office open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

**AMPHION.** Known as Morris,  
Kessner and Montgomery.  
This Evening  
**PAULINE HALL OPERA COMPANY'S**  
"A TROUPE."

**COL. SISK'S NEW PARK THEATRE.**  
This Week, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.  
William Gibson. 15c. and 25c. Seats.  
Poem of COMFORT OF  
Laughter and Sunshine.

**PROCTOR'S THEATRE.** 8. 4th and Duane Sts.  
Every Evening This Week and Matinees  
Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.  
**OLIVER BRIDE IN THE PLUNGER.**  
Next Week—SKEKE OF THE FORDS.  
**HUBBARD & GIBBARD'S CASINO.**  
10 and 12 Elm Place.  
Prize Kentucky St. Jockey Club. 10c. to 25c. to 50c.  
Minnie Minton. S. J. Rawson.  
George Schutte. 10c. to 25c. to 50c. to 75c.

**HOLMES'S STAR THEATRE.**  
Every Evening, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.  
C. E. Verrier in "Shammas O'Brian."

Coming Events.  
Entertainment and ball of the New York  
Post-Office Mutual Aid Association at Conner  
Turn Verrier Hall, Sixty-seventh street,  
between second and Third avenues, to-day.

On His Tail.  
[From Judge.]  
Nerritt—Which of your presents are you  
going to give your dog?  
Little Judge—The title.



**A POINTER  
FOR YOU**

# LONDON & LIVERPOOL

**PANIC---TIGHT MONEY MARKET---OVERSTOCKED!**

**WE WANT MONEY, YOU WANT CLOTHES!**

COME TO OUR STORES AND WE WILL SURPRISE YOU. COME TO OUR STORES AND SELECT OUR \$15, \$18, \$20 AND \$25 OVERCOATS AND SUITS AT SEVEN DOLLARS. COME TO OUR STORES AND GET \$25 WORTH OF CLOTHING FOR SEVEN DOLLARS. COME TO OUR STORES AND DRESS YOURSELF FOR SEVEN DOLLARS. COME TO OUR STORES AND YOU WILL SEE THE GRANDEST ASSORTMENT OF OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, CAPE COATS AND SUITS AT SEVEN DOLLARS. COME TO OUR STORES AND WE WILL SELL YOU FROM \$20 TO \$25 WORTH OF CLOTHING FOR SEVEN DOLLARS.

**WHY WE DO IT !**

WE HAVE OVER \$200,000 WORTH OF WINTER CLOTHING IN OUR BROADWAY STORE, AND AS WE ARE

**COMPELLED TO MOVE**

IN A FEW DAYS, WE WOULD RATHER TURN IT INTO MONEY THAN PACK IT AWAY OR STORE IT.

**Remember !**

**This Is No Humbug Sale.**

WE GUARANTEE FROM \$20 TO \$25 WORTH OF MERCHANDISE FOR \$7.



Chinchillas,  
Fur Beavers,  
Whitneys,  
Meltons,  
Irish Frieze,  
Kerseys,  
Montagnacs,

Cloth-Lined,  
Silk-Lined,  
Satin-Lined,  
Overcoats,  
Cape Coats,  
Ulsters,  
Pea Jackets.



**TWO STORES,  
BROADWAY, corner Grand,  
BOWERY, corner Hester.**

WE GUARANTEE TO SELL FROM \$20 TO \$25 WORTH OF CLOTHING FOR \$7.

<b>ELEGANT CASSIMERE SUITS.</b> Always sold at \$18, \$20 and \$25. <b>SEVEN DOLLARS.</b>	<b>BLACK CHEVIOT SUITS.</b> Always sold at \$18, \$20 and \$25. <b>SEVEN DOLLARS.</b>	<b>FINE DRESS SUITS.</b> Always sold at \$18, \$20 and \$25. <b>SEVEN DOLLARS.</b>	<b>FINE DIAGONAL SUITS.</b> Always sold at \$18, \$20 and \$25. <b>SEVEN DOLLARS.</b>	<b>BOTH STORES</b> Open Until <b>9 O'CLOCK.</b>
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BOYS! DURING THIS SALE WE SHALL SELL TEN THOUSAND BOYS' OVERCOATS, AGE FROM 4 TO 12 YEARS, AT 95 CENTS EACH, ALWAYS SOLD AT \$3.00. HANDSOME BOYS' CAPE COATS AT \$1.45 AND \$1.95, ALWAYS SOLD AT \$4.00 AND \$5.00. BOYS' LONG PANTS SUITS AT \$3.50 AND \$4.00, ALWAYS SOLD AT \$10.00 AND \$12.00.

TWO STORES.  
BROADWAY, COR. GRAND ST.  
OPEN UNTIL 9 P. M.

TWO STORES.  
BOWERY, COR. HESTER ST.

**STOREKEEPERS, ATTENTION.**

As we are compelled to remove from the Broadway Store in a few days, the following fixtures will be sold at private sale :  
 270 Solid Oak Clothing Tables, with drawers.  
 5 Large French Mirrors, 14 feet high, ebony frames.  
 Silver-Plated Window Fixtures, Wax Figures, Dummies and Desks, one Herring's Safe, 7 feet high; Tailor's Workshop, Gas Stoves and Office Furniture. To be seen at all times.

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